



## AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cousin, Mandolin Glebe, a sweet, unspooled country boy, has just started college. Today I got a letter from him which I will reprint here because I know Mandolin's problems are as much like your own, Mandolin writes:

I see by the college paper that you are writing a column for *Marlboro* Cigarettes. I think *Marlboro* are jam-cherry cigarettes with real nice tobacco and a ginger-peachy filter, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, collecting my paper valise and singing traditional airs like *Blue Tail Fly* and *South and Tennessee*, when all of a sudden I ran into this here college-looking fellow with a newspaper on his breast pocket. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked the did I want to be a BMOG and the envy of all the is crowd. I said yes. He said the only way to make these things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card with him, so he pecked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.



*She brings me to a new place resident*

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week to collect the dues, which are \$100, plus a \$10 fee for missing the weekly meeting, plus a \$5 assessment to buy a bondsmen for Spok, the late, beloved leader who was the fraternity mascot.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity, because it is my dream just to be a BMOG and the envy of all the is crowd, but you must see that it is not cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept in the first house, but you must agree that I can't sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have rented a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but it is not at all the kind of room I was looking for. I wanted somewhere reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, and *Sax Franchises* and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the house of a bond redemptions which is dingy, expensive, and uncomfortable—and I don't even get to use the bed till 7 a.m. when my landlord goes out to tending his cinders.

Well anyhow, I got settled and the next thing I did, naturally, was to look for a girl. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a beautiful creature standing just under seven feet high and weighing 385 pounds. I first spied her loitering against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effort. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a heavy arm, seized my nose, and carried me to a *chic French restaurant* called *Le Chippot* where she consumed, according to my calculations, her own weight in chateaufortand.

After dinner she layed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with a fork, I pinched her great pendulous joints, I robbed the legs of my corduroy pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I slung her over my shoulder and carried her to the girls dorm, slipping several discs in the process.

Fortunately medical care for students is provided free at the college infirmary. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, amputation, forceps, hernioplasty, analpex, extract, linen, towels, amputation, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not lack of enthusiasm that is keeping from *Marlboro* Cigarettes—*dear, good Marlboro* with their fine blend of choice tobacco and their pure, white>Selective filter and their soft pack and their flip tops.

Well, I must close now. My pencil is worn out and I can't afford another. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. cousin Mandolin Glebe

(1963 Max Goldman)

The heeja of the makers of *Marlboro* go out to poor Mandolin—and to poor anyone else who is missing out on our fine cigarettes—available in all 48 of these United States.